

GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MORNING, EVENING, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

The Only Paper in the Eighth Congressional District Receiving Associated Press Dispatches.

PUBLISHED BY THE
SPRINGFIELD PUBLISHING CO.

THE MORNING GLOBE-REPUBLIC is published every morning, except Sunday, and is delivered at the rate of 10 cents per week. Single copies 5 cents. It contains all the Associated Press dispatches, and is as complete a newspaper as is published in any city in the country of the same size as Springfield.

THE EVENING GLOBE-REPUBLIC is published every evening, except Sunday, and is delivered at the rate of 10 cents per week. Single copies 5 cents. It contains all the Associated Press dispatches, and is as complete a newspaper as is published in any city in the country of the same size as Springfield.

THE SUNDAY GLOBE-REPUBLIC is published every Sunday, and is one of the most complete family newspapers in the country, eight pages, markets complete, receipts with news and miscellany. \$1 per year, occasionally cash in advance.

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SPRINGFIELD, O.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Governor.

JOSEPH B. FORAKER,
Of Hamilton County.

Lieutenant Governor.

ROBERT P. KENNEDY,
Of Logan County.

Supreme Court Judge.

(Long Term)

THOMAS A. MISCHELL,
Of Ross County.

Supreme Court Judge.

(Short Term)

WILLIAM T. SPEAR,
Of Trumbull Co.

State Treasurer.

JOHN C. BROWN,
Of Jefferson County.

Attorney General.

JACOB A. KOHLER,
Of Summit County.

Board of Public Works.

WELLS S. JONES,
Of Pike County.

Common Pleas Judge.

JOSEPH W. O'NEILL,
Of Warren County.

Late Senator.

THOMAS J. PRINGLE,
Of Clark County.

CLARK COUNTY REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Representative.

GEO. C. RAWLINS.

Prosecuting Attorney.

WALTER L. WEATERS.

County Commissioner.

DOUGLASS W. RAWLINGS.

County Surveyor.

WILLIAM SHARON.

County Clerks.

JAMES M. BENNETT.

Infantry Director.

JAMES BROWN.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 4, 1885.

Russell P. Flower is the flower that declines to go to seed this autumn.

Sam Jones is only thirty-eight years old, but he is not a "hot-sprout." He has made, by the grace of God and his straight way of slanting at sinners, 10,000 converts within the last year.

The statement that employees of tobacco works in Spain have none of them been attacked with cholera will give solace to the consumers of the weed. If the person who works in tobacco is vaccinated, surely the man who works it into him ought to be inoculated.

The republican postmasters in Ohio need not be afraid they will be decapitated on the ground of "adversive partnership" for voting their party ticket this fall. Their past records on that ground are no doubt all on file in the proper pigeon-holes at Washington, and are sufficient.

The Hartford Sunday Globe printed a story charging that Jimbo's killing was directed by Barnum himself. Thereupon Barnum said the Globe for libel, setting his damages at \$50,000. These look like big damages for one's killing of one's own elephant. But it is judicious advertising.

The Irish World carries more square inches of scurrilous rhetoric on its editorial page than any other newspaper in America. It is red-hot. And a good deal of the writing is exceedingly readable, too. But it is surprising how a man can keep up blood for such flaming ardor the year round.

A remembrance of the fact of Robert Toombs' continued existence appears in a recent announcement that Robert is seriously ill. It seems that Bob is still alive; but it is likely that he is too seriously ill to live long enough, as he once threatened, to call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Banker-Hill monument.

Mr. Adams, the new president of Cornell university, in his first talk to the students, said that "a good deal of something is much preferable to a little of everything." That probably depends. Would, for instance, a good deal of yachting be preferable to a little of each one of the branches of learning taught at Cornell?

Mr. Edward Gosse, in a pretty little poem dedicating a pretty little volume to a pretty little Boston writer, compares his pretty little self to a pretty little bird in the following pretty little stanza:

"The humming bird in June
Rites like a jewel on your feet clothes line,
And greets Charles River broad and upline,
Till woe in September's breeze is blown down
Too soon."

They held high mass in the Catholic cathedral in Montreal the other day against the smallpox. After the services some 10,000 people paraded the streets for hours, chanting and praying for help against the pestilence. Also a howling mob attacked one of the health-officers established for compulsory vaccination and completely wrecked the building. Yet, in spite of both measures, there are about 4,000 cases in the city, and the deaths from the disease have run up to some fifty per day.

Somehow the mugwumps are not heard of as loudly as they used to be. Carl Schurz and G. William Curtis are fading into prehistoric myths.

The difference between the two distinguished generals who "fitted into the war" from the caucuses of Cincinnati newspapers is that the one was so bloody loyal that he "slopped over" in some indiscretions of youthful ardor, and the other was as rebel as so young a man knew how to be in a Northern city. There is a distinction, and the people will make it while the two gentlemen, now adult, are engaged in shaking the red rags of their mutual ancient history in each other's faces.

A recent poet sings of a vocal duel fought between the tenor and the basso of a choir on account of the soprano. The tenor "sang so high to outvie the bass he split his head in twain," and the basso got under him, and "lower still he went until he split the scales of both his feet," whereupon

"Charming Anna,
The soprano,
Mourned a week for both these fellows;
Then she wed the
Ten who led the
Wind into the organ bellows."

The Enquirer thinks it has the high cackle on Foraker for calling Springfield the "typical city" in his speech to our Ping Hats in Cincinnati. It seems to maintain that a city which shuts up its saloons at ten o'clock at night is no great shakes as a "typical city." It jeers at this fact as a slur on our town. It seems, according to the Enquirer's standard, that a place is ridiculous for setting up as a "typical city" unless the boys have been swinging to paint "red" from sunset to sunrise. Any abridgement of such freedom would be "sumptuary legislation," from the Enquirer's standpoint. But how about Cincinnati? It ostensibly closes its saloons at twelve o'clock, midnight. Allowing for difference of latitude, what would be the average of difference in principle? Anyhow, must a place be a tipple-kill city in order to be a "typical city" of Ohio? If so, we fear we shall have to put up a basket of ale and toast, and take to the bushes.

The situation as to the political debate called for by Foraker should not be misrepresented. Neither the democratic nor the republican party will make anything by muddling the facts. Foraker challenged Hoody for the debate, the two to divide the time equally. The democratic committee accepted the challenge conditionally—on the condition, namely, that Leonard should be called in to participate in the discussion. The republican committee replied that the challenge was to Hoody alone, but that, if the democratic committee insisted on having Leonard assist, they might invite him, and that Foraker would meet them both, provided that Hoody would share his time with Leonard. The democratic committee rejoined that they would not have the debate unless the time should be equally divided among the three—that is, unless Hoody and Leonard could have two-thirds of the time against one-third for Foraker. To this the republican committee responded that they would not agree.

Mr. Foraker would debate with Mr. Hoody, time and time equal. This proposition was refused.

Then Mr. Foraker would debate with Mr. Hoody, and the latter might call in a third man and share his own time with him. This also was refused.

The gist of the whole matter is that Mr. Hoody refused to debate alone and on equal terms with Mr. Foraker.

But this put the democratic committee into a predicament and Gov. Hoody into a dilemma; and so the committee have reconsidered, and announced that Hoody shall meet Foraker on the terms first proposed, without any third man to assist.

Cholera.

The cholera is now past-due. It is not likely that it will obtain a lodgment on this side of the Atlantic the present year. The confinement of it to the Mediterranean region of Europe for two successive seasons, epidemic and malignant as it has been there, is a hopeful indication that civilization is in the way of mastering its movements, at least—that is, those world-circling movements by which it has formerly been characterized.

Starting from Hindostan, which is its birthplace and breeding-spot, it has hit, here, when it struck Europe, gone over the western world with more speed and spread than it has this time. This must be due to the modern improved methods of defending against its immigrations from country to country. It is better quarantined against. Those articles of commerce which are apt to carry its contagion are subjected to a more careful scrutiny and a more thorough disinfection. We are learning that the way to cure epidemic cholera is to keep from taking it. It must be surrounded mercilessly and trampled where it is.

For it is now well established to be a catching disease. Just how it communicates its poison is not absolutely known. But that it does distribute itself by contaminating the air we breathe, the water we drink, or the food we eat, or all three together, is evident from the way it travels. It comes along with the pilgrim caravans from Juggernaut and Hurdwar. It is calculated that 3,000,000 of these pious Asiatic heathens make the pilgrimage to Hurdwar every twelve years. The cholera, as a consequence, visits the world as an epidemic every twelve years. These fanatic fools return from their holy shrines of faith and faith, by the million every twelve years, and, dying in the cities, towns, and villages on their route, dying at the inn, dying by the roadside, dying everywhere, scatter the seeds of the holy pestilence through all the thoroughfares of commerce and travel and to all the four winds of heaven.

Travel, commerce, and the winds catch up these seeds of death and sow them through the world. The plague follows the great highways of intercourse between communities and nations. It goes by the roads, and not commonly along the by-paths. Travelers carry it in their persons or in their clothes from place to place. Letters handled and sealed by the infected touch of dying friends may convey it by

lightning express across a continent. The old rags of commerce may be the cast-off clothing of its dead. It has even been thought that the familiar household, which walks over our daily bread, may have brought his feet poisoned with it from some sick-room or hospital. The water from the wells and springs, and streams cannot tell us what suspicious pools of pestilence it has had drained into it from above or below ground.

Some have conjectured that the disease is not contagious but that it is due to atmospheric defects or electrical disturbances. There is said to be observed a lack of ozone—whatever that is—in the air. But the animals breathe it and do not die of cholera. So of water—we do not remember to have heard of horses dying of the disease, though they commonly drink out of the same wells from which their human masters are often believed to drink their death.

But this may not be singular. Many of the diseases and plagues are, exclusively human. We do not now recall an instance of a hog or a hen catching the smallpox. And chickens, we believe, are not subject to the chickenpox. There is a hog-cholera, to be sure, but it is not Asiatic.

The fact is, there are several things that are not yet known about cholera, as about some other diseases. The theory that it is due to a sort of internal yeast-fungus called a microbe is not yet verified. The experiments made in incubating for cholera—that is, attempting to fortify people against choleraic contagion by dosing them with cultivated (and refined) microbes and thus giving them what might be called cholera—were failures in Spain. The microbeated exempted died faster than the outsiders.

But there is one great prophylactic against cholera, and that is cleanliness—cleanness of person, inside and outside, and cleanness of surroundings. Cholera originates in filth—pagan filth—and propagates by filth—Christian or heathen. The best remedy who bring it from its foul breeding-places in Hindostan are cleaner when they are dead with it than they ever were when alive. In its career over the world, it always selects the dirtiest places and the dirtiest people for its attacking-points, though it often spreads from them among the cleanest. No man can escape the penalty of his neighbor's uncleanness. Purification must be by communities.

Hence, moral: Most intelligent physicians and hygienists are of the opinion that we are not likely to keep cholera off our shores another summer. It is believed that it will jump the Atlantic next season in spite of all the quarantining we can bring to bear. Therefore it is met that we be prepared for its advent. Every city and town in this country ought to put itself in order for its coming, and do it this winter. Cold weather is the time to uncover the municipal and domestic plague-spots and wipe them from the earth. To expose them in the spring or early summer is to invite the pestilence rather than to fight against it. Let Springfield take warning. There will be idle hands imploring for work this winter. Let the council see to it that as many of these as necessary be employed in turning out the city to the spring sun as sweet as a rose.

THE TAX DUPLICATES.

Interesting Facts for Clark County Tax Payers.

Auditor Scriba has just completed the tax duplicate for the year 1885, by which it appears that the total taxes levied for 1885 for all purposes in Clark county, including delinquencies and foreclosures, excepting the per capita tax, is \$255,793.80, divided among the various townships and school districts as follows: Bethel township, \$22,670.13; New Carlisle school district, \$2,733.34; New Carlisle town, \$7,118.21; Danville town, \$6,631.94; German township, \$17,357.27; Greene township, \$12,222.20; Clinton school district, \$2,471.33; Clinton town, \$1,376.75; Harpers township, \$2,022.55; Madison township, \$18,063.00; Roon school district, \$2,549.49; Roon town, \$7,118.08; Moorefield township, \$18,063.00; city of Springfield school district, \$5,942.15; Madison township, \$1,776.12; South Charleston school district, \$2,347.99; South Charleston town, \$9,491.35; Pike township, \$12,423.08; Pleasant township, \$12,151.99; Catawba town, \$894.09; Springfield township, \$23,257.58; city of Springfield school district, \$2,471.33; city of Springfield, \$23,151.99. In addition to the general levy, there is a special per capita tax of \$1 per head on 2,763 dogs. The city of Springfield returns for taxation 814 dogs, while the town of Clinton claims but one canine.

The totality of the duplicate areas follows: Acres of land in Clark county, 229,810; value of lands, \$10,674,820; value of real estate in cities, towns, and villages, \$19,011,020; value of chattel property, \$11,407,861; total value of all property, \$32,153,701; state taxes for 1885, for all purposes, \$1,800,000; 5.19 of a mill, \$1,670,855; general revenue fund, 1.4-10 mills, \$45,015.18; state common school fund, 1 mill, \$24,153.70; total state tax, 2.9-10 mills, \$93,245.73; county tax, \$15,016.14; poor tax, \$16,096.94; bridge tax, \$8,798.11; building tax, \$1,800,000; rail tax, \$15,553.25; all dogs that the county is responsible for, \$35,308.99; township tax, \$16,138.21; township, school district and sub-district school, \$137,552.35; city, town, and village tax, \$49,492.00; assessments for road improvement, \$1,000,000; \$6,406.87; total county and local tax, (except per capita dog tax), \$431,163.82; total taxes levied in 1885 for all purposes, except per capita dog tax, \$224,099.25; delinquent taxes on real estate and foreclosures, \$6,753.44; delinquent taxes of 1884 on personal property, \$4,329.81; total taxes for all purposes, including delinquencies and foreclosures, excepting per capita dog tax, \$235,793.80; per capita dog tax, \$2,763.

CURES FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some ailment of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a common attendant. Blood, bloodiness and itching, pile yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Sold by Ad. Bakhaus & Co.

Some Foolish People.

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50 cents and \$1. Trial size free. Sold by Dr. T. J. Casper, drugist.

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FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS AND SATURDAY MATINEE—"A PARLOR MATCH."

RAMBLER'S NOTE BOOK.

SHADOWS ON TIME'S SUN DIAL FOR ONE WEEK ONLY.

A Serpentine Reminiscence—An Enthusiastic Plug Batter—What Dr. Leonard Has Done for Central Church—Notes, News and Opinions.

Dr. Leonard has done nothing else by his acceptance of the nomination for governor on the prohibition ticket, he has introduced a serious element of discord into one of the finest congregations in Ohio—that of the Central M. E. Church. It is used as a lever to deny this. Everyone in Springfield is aware of its truth. A few striking sentences on the subject were spoken the other day by a prominent member of the church. Said he:

"There has not, up to this time, been a more spiritual or more thoroughly united congregation in the state than that of Central M. E. Church. When the colony left our church to found St. Paul's there had been some discussion and disagreement on doctrinal questions in the church, but since that time the congregation has been actuated with one common spirit of harmony. Dr. Leonard's political candidacy has introduced an element of discord into the church, which it will take the congregation years to recover from. If Dr. Leonard succeeds in drawing sufficient votes from our church to defeat him, I fear for the future of Central Church. There are many republicans who, in such an event could never listen to the tones of Dr. Leonard's voice again. There are a number of members of the church whose whole time is spent in endeavoring to force the Methodist church to take the form of a political party for the advancement of prohibition. They are bitterly antagonized by republican members of the church, and there is discord at once."

Many of the ladies of the church, whose husbands are republicans, have espoused the prohibition doctrine, and are now waging a household crusade against their husbands, to force them into voting the prohibition ticket. Here again we have another cause of discord and family bickering, the effects of which will be felt for years."

Mr. Chas. Schuster, the steward of Central Sabbath school, and in some respects the most influential member of Central church, had a spirited debate on the subject of Dr. Leonard's candidacy Friday morning, with Mr. Wilbur Colvin, secretary of the prohibition state executive committee. Mr. Schuster related, in a few telling sentences, the effect that possessing a political stump-speaker for a pastor is having on Central church. He further stated that Dr. Leonard had violated his agreements. This Colvin denied. Mr. Schuster thereupon called attention to the fact that Leonard promised before the prohibition convention, that if nominated, he would only make six speeches. Instead of that he has made three, and had made arrangements to spend Sunday (today) at Youngstown.

The Salvation Army seems to have broken out in a new place. They now have a mounted leader, clad in a fiery red flannel shirt, who sits on a spirited Pike township nag, and leads his band valiantly against the hosts of the wicked. The number of women who march with the army has doubled during the past week, and the army threatens to grow much larger in the future, instead of dying out. The women range from young school-girls in short dresses to middle-aged women. The boisterous singing, the rude rhythm made by the banging tambourines, the uniform of blue with red trimmings, and the marches on the principal streets, where they are the observed of all observers seem to exercise a powerful attraction over women of a certain grade in society, and the army consequently does not lack for recruits. Most citizens esteem the Salvation Army a grand nuisance. "They seem to be in earnest, but I wish they were in the station-house," gasped a disgusted merchant as the motley gang went by his store yelling like Kicksapoo Indians.

Some of our best citizens seem to have been completely captured by the Salvation Army, however. "If you are turned out of Lohsbuehr Hall, you can meet at my residence every evening," said the wife of one of the wealthiest citizens of this city, when the army narrowly escaped being turned out of the hall for being in arrears with rent. The choice of Crystal ball as the Salvation Army barracks has a significance almost dramatic. For some years Crystal ball was one of the lowest dives in the country—the headquarters of the "chippies" and the nucleus of crime. The walls of the old place will echo and re-echo the notes of praise, and the refrains of hymns, with amazement, after reflecting for so many years the sounds of revelry and blasphemy, which have heretofore filled the place.

A young attorney of this city wants to know if the fearful and wonderful lithographs of Dr. Leonard, which are being sold to the prohibition faithful, represent the genial doctor before or after taking—that is, on toast. Why not prepare comparison pictures of Dr. Leonard before and after taking.

An enthusiastic Springfielder was recently riding up to this city from Cincinnati with a Cincinnati, whose education had been neglected to such an extent that he had never

visited the Champion City in his life. When the train arrived at Dayton the friend put his head out the window and looked around.

"Have we got there?" he asked of the Springfielder. "Yes," said the latter; "but this is only the suburbs. You can get out here if you like, but we may as well ride up to the Market street crossing." The friend marveled.

When we read in the newspapers about some out-rigged individual being bitten by a rattlesnake and consuming several gallons of prime whisky by way of cure, and recovering or not, as the case may be, it is not to have a very faraway sound to us. The fact is, however, that we have a few rattlesnakes left in Clark county. Several of the venomous reptiles have been seen this summer in Madison river bottoms, about four miles north of this city, by farmers. One fine specimen was killed at a distance of only three miles from this city, week before last, in a meadow near Mad river. There is only one death on record in Clark county from the bite of a rattlesnake. The victim was a farm-hand, who was employed by a farmer whose place is located about five miles north of this city. The man went out to the field one day not long after harvest. One bunch of grain had become partly untied, and the man stooped to re-tie it. He put his hand on the underside of the sheaf to gather the grain in a compact bunch. Suddenly he heard a peculiar noise—the ominous rattle of the most venomous snake known to North America. He was about to draw back. Too late! He felt a blow such as a snapping bow-string would give. He jerked his hand away like a flash, and kicks away the sheaf, and there, all hissing and defiant, is a coiled rattlesnake. In the case of this man, everything was done for him; but in vain. His hand and arm swelled to the size of a churn with the deadly venom, and the swelled flesh took on the lankness of a serpent. The sufferer at last died in terrible agony.

The beautiful neighboring resort of Clifton is said to be a famous place for snakes, and several rattlesnakes have been seen there this summer. Readers of the Springfield Globe will remember the terrific snake story copied into the paper from the New York Sun, the scene of which was laid in Clifton. The story commenced by describing a mythical young farmer named Rodney Harlem, whose reputation for veracity was alleged to be unspooling excellent. Rodney, it stated, was out walking with some companions among the rocky chasms at Clifton, which is the popular Sunday-school picnicking resort of Springfield and vicinity. Suddenly one of the party slipped and in falling caught a bush growing at the side of the rocks. As is usual in thrilling romances, this obliging bush gave way, laying bare the entrance to a cave. All trembled, of course, but Rodney, who with true chivalry said he'd explore that cavern if it basted both his suspenders. Despite the fearful entreaties of his companions, he did it in an unflinching manner. After proceeding some distance into the cave, with a candle dimly lighting up the cavern, he saw what appeared to be two pans of blue fire as big as stove lids, at some distance. As he drew nearer, to his horror he saw that the eyes belonged to a full-grown snake, in his own right. The snake was described as being as large around as a flour barrel. Rodney stated that huge weights seemed hang on his limbs, and he immediately went into the "cold perspiration business," the most approved "bug scout" remedy. The vast serpent commenced to exercise its powers of fascination and Rodney felt himself yanked toward the throat and digestive organs of the host serpent by a "peculiar magnetism." At this point his candle fell from his hand and he gave a wild cry.

The candle was not extinguished, but stuck in some sand at the bottom of the cave. By this flickering light Rodney raised his trusty rifle, and sent a ball crashing through his snakehead. Of course he fainted, his friends rushed in at once and found the snake measured 50 feet and 2-10 of an inch in leg h. Then that hoary old chestnut was worked into the snake having escaped from a show, neighbors losing poultry in this way. The whole story was the work of a Springfield newspaper man, who had read so many tough snake stories in the New York Sun that he wondered to how great an extent the credulity of the snake story editor would reach and resolved to try it to its fullest limit by the above story.

A humorous weekly paper called the Silhouette has been started in this city by Messrs. Reed & Ralph. The first number is exceedingly bright, and has several entertaining original sketches.

The extraordinary success of the descent on Cincinnati of the Springfield Plug Hat brigade, and the wonderful enthusiasm which was occasioned by it, site heavily on democratic stomachs. The editors of democratic dailies seem to be enjoying a nightmare of the same horse power (nightmare power, N. B. a joke) as that enjoyed by a man who requires to rest after assimilating five pounds of fruit cake flavored with cayenne oil and French blacking. The mild Romanism who scribbles for the Cleveland Plain Dealer spurs his waning intellect into the following:

"In order to vote in M. H. Stewart's temperance town of Springfield a fellow has to wear a plug hat, carry a cane, go to bed at 9:30 o'clock and get up in the morning shouting the battle cry of 'Joe Joe-Bob-shes-"

boom." Oh, Lordy! But they are green in this "typical city."

Hardly one invention out of ten pays after the article is put on the market. Out of hundreds of patents issued to citizens of this city very few have eventually paid. The bicycle saddle invented by Mr. Thos. Kirkpatrick, of the Farm and Forestry, this city, and of the Ohio Division L. A. W., seems to be an exception to the general rule, however. It is said that Mr. Kirkpatrick enjoys a profit of \$1,500 to \$2,000 per year by the sale of the saddles.

At the Leonard reception recently, Mother Stewart, the great temperance orator, brought a huge cake marked "from High street M. E. church," as an offering to the great and good Dr. Leonard. This will prove an interesting item to the members of High Street M. E. church, who so violently opposed to ministers running for office on the prohibition ticket, that they passed a resolution against such action on the part of any minister in the conference.

Mrs. Professor Stuckenberg enjoyed a brief visit to friends in this city, Cincinnati and Erie, Pa., this summer. She leaves shortly to join her husband in Berlin, where they now reside. Mrs. Stuckenberg states that her husband, Prof. Stuckenberg, recently of Wittenberg College, had the good fortune, not long ago, to purchase a table, chair and other furniture which belonged to Van Humboldt, the immortal traveler and explorer.

Professor John Miller, the well-known violinist and pianist, of this city, has composed a pleasing march, which has been published in nest form, and which is being played by the bands in this city. The march is well worked out, and the arrangement is excellent.

Rev. Creighton Wones, a well-known Springfield boy, who studied for the ministry, is having exceptional success as the pastor of a large church at Prices Hill, Cincinnati. Mr. Wones is a self-made man in every respect. He went through the public schools and graduated at the high school in this city with great honors. He is said to be a fine pianist, and a good singer. Springfield boys seem to partake of the spirit of enterprise which has made Springfield what she is. Nine boys of this city bought a set of brass band instruments one year ago, and turned themselves into a band under the direction of Prof. H. C. Hawken. Instead of being disheartened by their failures and discords, the pucky lads stuck to their mouth-pieces, and the result is that they now have one of the best bands in the state. The members of the band are as follows: Earl Haeckel, aged 15, solo B-flat cornet and leader; Willie Barnes, aged 15, first B-flat; Frank Dunn, aged 14, first E-flat alto; County Spangenberg, aged 13, second E-flat alto; Robert Hense, aged 15, baritone; E. W. Morgan, aged 15, first B-flat; Johnny Sh. Haged, 16, solo; Byron Ridgely, aged 15, tenor drum; Firm Morgan, aged 15, bass drum. The boys take regular engagements, often getting from one to five jobs per week. They bravely divide the spoils after they collect their bill, and each enjoys a handsome sum of pocket-money from the proceeds. The band played in the march of the Plug Hat brigade through the streets of Cincinnati last Monday, and attracted much attention.

It is doubt if Joseph Jefferson, the great comedian, will carry away the coveted opinion of the intelligence of Springfield audiences with him after an incident during the production of Rip Van Winkle here Tuesday night. Before Jefferson appeared, the most subordinate character in the play—the nephew of the heavy villain—came on the stage, and to the consternation and disgust of old play goers, several hundred unappreciated members of the audience broke out into loud applause, thinking it was J. Jefferson. The young ten-dollar-week juvenile laughed in his face.

No man who marched with the Plug Hat Brigade through the streets of Cincinnati last week was happier over the magnificent success of the demonstration than Col. R. S. Kirkpatrick, the veteran officer of this city. He said:

"Over twenty years ago I marched through the streets of Cincinnati with the first political procession in the Fremont campaign. I have been in many a battle, but was never in a more dangerous one than during that march. The procession was nearly two miles long, and though it was composed of some of the best men in Cincinnati, no bitter was the prejudice against the republican party when its great strength was just commencing to swell, that the procession was hemmed up by a howling, hissing mob, which hurled stones, decayed vegetables, bowlders, fish and every available missile at the republican pioneers. At one point of the line several roughs opened fire on the procession and a number in its ranks were killed and wounded. I was carrying a transparency and it was broken by a flying bowlder. I shall never forget that march in the unsteady glare of the torches (flamed in those days by a candle put inside a paper lantern) between two human walls of raining, howling, men, hurled dead cats and forty tearing up pavements, to throw them at their political opponents. But on Monday, when the Plug Hats made their parade, what a contrast! To one who witnessed both scenes it furnishes much food for philosophical reflection."

The prohibs, got out a report the other day that Gen. Dearfoot, of the Central M. E. church, had announced his intention of supporting Dr. Leonard. When asked about it, the general said that it was a falsehood out of whole cloth. It was also reported that six brother, named Dayton, who lives in Mad River township, had declared their intention to vote for Leonard. This they deny emphatically, and say they will support Foraker. The prohibitionists make a poll of Clark county recently and claim a vote for Leonard of 1,200. If the above is a fact, a sample of how they make a poll, it is strange they didn't find 12,000 instead of 1,200. The clearest headed politicians in this county agree the Leonard's vote will not exceed that of Ludlow, which was 742.

Mr. Frank Inghram has been engaged for

the past few days in obtaining the sentiment of each family of the Fifth ward on the mixed school question. Frank thinks it is an outrage that over a dozen colored children should be allowed to attend the Dohert building.

A local sensation promises to burst in the near future which will set the city teetering on the jell and on pivot from Leguons to Stringtown. The bomb-shell will be in the shape of a few words of testimony of a witness, who will appear in a case, which will come up in court in a few weeks.

"Peg," the newsway at the Arcade, had a Graeco-Roman wrestling match with an antagonist twice his size at the Arcade depot yesterday. Instead of the big fellow taking down a peg or two, the match came out the other way.

A Springfield man may be relied on